Dialogues

(satire on the EMDC riots of 2012 & 2013)

Wayne Ray aka Ray Scott
hmspress@outlook.com

Scene:

A dim lit cave on the outskirts of Londonius. Barely accessible by the Exit Road, in Ur. Or as it used to be known by the Ancient Mystic Order of Orange; Exit Ur Road. In this cave sit three companions discussing the events leading up to their being there, sitting on stone chairs and sleeping on stone beds carved by the drugged laborers who also cart food to the sacred caves. The three companions have been discussing the leading questions and sirius mysteries for 711 days or as they like to say; two years less a day.

The Characters:

Fabricatus Perdus, also known as Turtle Dove to his family and friends. However, he has returned to this mysterious and learned Cave so often that he has few friends left. In his youth he invented the pounce and kill Chess game, at the Londonius Teen Challenged Farm for little agricolas and nymphettes and don't forget the oxy morons.

Antonius Ignotum Ignotius hails from a long line of interlocutor and prognathous poets. The oldest of the three companions who has worn the same indigo shirt so long that it is almost white. His best train of thought often becomes a circle or at best, an ellipse.

Nulli Secundus is the most learned of the three, having translated most of the Koran into Hebrew and memorized the Delphic Oracles treatise on the sacred word: KEYUP. As a youth he developed Paint By Numbers for the tattoo enthusiasts at the Ontario Blue Water Animal farm.

Today's Dialogue [keep in mind that a day to these Demi-gods could be longer than that of ordinary man (or the lesser wo-man) as time appears static in this cave where there is little light or physical activity, but I digress.]

Antonius: You speak of the ego, Fabricatus, as if you were the only one with insight into this enigmatic hooping of ideas we find stuffed into the entrails of that Babylonian God, Uranus. I must entreat you with protest. Proclaim your voice of opinion insipid and not unlike a wide eyed shy child the exact opposite of ego of which you speak. Did not only yesterday our esteemed colleague here, Nulli Secundus, quell our ignorance of alter-ego and enlighten us with his intellect?

Fabricatus: Yes, I succumb to your embellished argument and ask either one of you gentlemen if per chance you have had the fortunate or unfortunate pleasure of encountering the magnanimous ego of Ogre the Shramite? He was a recent visitor to our fair city and had us all under his spell. Enough to make one languish in the arms of Morpheus. As for hooping entrails of Uranus, that is only conjecture of elucidated forethought.

Antonius: A fair beating you have given this diatribe discussion, Fabricatus, and yes I have met with the Shramite at his library for a brief rendezvous and literary respite. He is ego personified and also does not lend any of his library to anyone but Marcellus of Brazillia.

Nulli Secundus: A library for only one person is not a library at all. It is like meaningless and idle chatter with only ones self. At least the Shramite let you partake of the words. I have recently lost words in this cave to both deaf ears and to black mould. You both succumbed to narcolepsi last months at my brilliant de profundus vocum.

Antonius: Ah, I disagree! Mine orbs were closed to better concentrate on your verbal elucidation. Forgive me if I have tainted . . . your ego . . . dear friend. Was that not your daughter, Sambuca, that graced the entrance of this Delphic cave? Tear the rust off my heart and the toga from my loins, I am in love.

Fabricatus: Nay to that Antonius, for I saw her too and she is one of the 711 days of servants and followers who bring us repast and subjugate themselves to us while we are here. She is seven of nine virgins left in the slums of Grey and William to service the high and mighty Roger of Essig. I have swum in the river of her loins last she was here and I will beg her stay next she ambles this way.

Antonius: Again, your ego, Fabricatus, to think that all you pontificate, e should enjoy. Your diligence in straying off topic is admirable but best we should maintain the ambience and equilibrium of a universal constant, that of this dialogue. Pray tell, Nulli Secundus, what is in the library of your soul?

Nulli Secundus: I have secured 101 books and 36 scrolls from the Great Library of Alexandria which as we speak is crossing the lake of Elliot and will soon be along the Ur of Exit to my estate in Londonius. They are all varied sources and titles and it will occupy my time and yours both, should you escape this Spartan bleak surrounding. Here is the good company of friends but it is too much like a jail. An overcrowded cave.

Antonius: I shall be the first friend to ensconce myself in soft chairs and partake of your company. I can share my ego as is the scope of this dialogue, as you favor us in sharing the knowledge of your library. I am in manuscript as we speak and perhaps one of your new tomes or scrolls will enhance my knowledge?

Fabricatus: And of course your ego my friend. Lo, yonder past the entrance of our current abode on the high pillar swings the sacred word at Delphi: KEYUP, up the hill anyways. It signals the end of our current stay. My ego needs to search other avenues of my life so I arise and bid you farewell.

[leaves]

Nulli Secundus: Yes, truth was never better said. It seems that only yesterday we inoculated the veins of this cave with the voices of reason. Verily I too must leave and plan the rest of my time before the caravan arrives.

[rises to leave]

Antonius: Farewell friends but I shall tarry a while as I see Sambucus walking half-naked up the path to talk and she will soon see that I am a master debater.

[the end]

Well not quite the end of the story as unbeknownst to these three friends and debaters, the blue-shirted Roman Legion in full dress battle armour has marched into Londinium, their batons raised, their masks are on their helmets and bags of crushed pepper to spray any interloper that gets in their way. The city was razed and burned to the ground and all the toilets smashed. Antonius and Sambuca were beheaded after being caught in flagrante delicto; Fabricatus took the wrong Ur Road Exit and became permanently lost in the barrens; Nulli Secundus didn't lose his life or his library as the Roman Legion had gone through the Ontario Educational System and didn't know how to read or write, only print. What a bunch of Goofs!

[the real ending]